

The Avalanche

GRAYLAND, MICHIGAN.

MORNING, NOON AND NIGHT.

How glorious shines the Eastern sun,
Its round of brilliance just begun!
It paints the Orient with a blush;
It wakes to song the lark and thrush;
It brings a roseate, warmer light,
Dispelling all the chill of night;
It pellets a rainbow in the dew
Which gleams and glitters with sparkling hue.
It fills the forest with the day's cup—
There goes the breakfast-bell! Get up.

The noon, and but a brief hour's rest,
There comes a hush—a time to rest.
The world to take a needed rest,
To gain new strength and added zest.
In all the duties and desires of life,
An hour when there is shortness of strife,
When flowers stop their blossoming, birds their
song.

And all things rest, but time and wrong,
The breezes fall away into a sigh—
It's time for lunch on milk and pie.

This night, the breathing time of day,
The moon is full, the shadows laid away,
The workshop closed, the day's travail past,
And quietude is hushed in the heart.
The sun is gone, the stars their rights keep,
And bird and flower in darkness are asleep.
Over all the world a silence profound,
Absorbs the sense of movement and of sound.
Sweet night, thou gentle handmaid of the
day.

The door is locked, and our latch-key is
gone.

—The Drummer.

ONE OF LOVE'S MISSES.

The air of that room was atrociously
close; it never seemed to get any
oxygen into it; and the day was most
atrociously hot anyway—always was after
the 1st of May in the city. And that
pane of glass was most atrociously
dirty; didn't see why nobody even
seemed to think it their business to
wash it. And these atrocious flies
would take the starch out of the whole
of the noble army of martyrs. And he
couldn't see how the old gentleman
could sit there, day in and day out, in
that atrociously-contaminated way. And
it was an atrociously long time since
he'd had a holiday himself, and he'd
take one—hanged if he would!—that
very afternoon. Yes, business was
rather dull, the old gentleman as-
serted; was generally about that time in
the month. No, he didn't think he'd
be missed that afternoon if he wanted
to go off for the rest of the day.

The old gentleman smiled a little,
not as if for anybody to see, as he
looked through his spectacles again at
the newspaper, after looking over them
at his nephew. He'd smiled in much
the same way two months before, when
he told his nephew that he'd probably
find the routine somewhat wearisome at
first, and his nephew had cheerfully
replied that four years of routine at col-
lege ought to have fitted him for that
sort of thing if it hadn't done anything
more. The old gentleman was a college
man himself.

There was no particular place where
he wanted to spend the half-holiday,
now he was out of the office. There
didn't seem to be anything going on,
except a German picnic advertised on
the horse-cars, and he didn't feel drawn
to that. It would be a bore to go any-
where where there would be a crowd,
and where you'd see people you knew.
He felt like the country this afternoon—
a cool bit of shade where he
could lie in the grass, and not think
about anything except how comfortable
he was, and how uncomfortable he had
been. It wouldn't be half so bad if he
should meet some girl; a girl one knows
is so very different from people one
knows. But he wouldn't go for worlds
where he knew some girls were; that
would spoil everything. He didn't want
the least bit of an aim in life this after-
noon. He'd glance over the time-table
at the depot, and buy a ticket for the
first village whose name he liked the
sound of. This he did, and jumped off
the train when he came to it. Wheat-
field was the name, and the train only
stopped ten seconds, and no one got on
and no one but himself got off, which
was encouraging. It was very pretty
to look at, and the air was something
altogether different from that of the
office, and the church with the white
spire, and the stone wall with the won-
derful vine growing over it, and the piggy
bank at each end in dusty turns, and the
wagon with the horse, which, being re-
quested to look out for the engine when
the bell rings, had done so more from a
wish to be accommodating than from any
other motive, and was now jogging
contentedly up the hill the other side
of the track—these were all there. Al-
together it was just the place he wished
for, and that patch of woods a few steps
up the hill was just the bit of shade he
wanted in which to smoke his cigar and
read "White Wings." It would be
rather nice if there was a pretty girl
to meet with somewhere who would
enjoy it with him. A pretty girl, like
scenery, adds so much!

Perhaps, if he should go the other
way first, and pass the line of houses
that formed the village, he would meet
somebody. If he did meet somebody,
he wasn't sure what he'd do about it,
unless he knew her, and it was not at
all probable that he would know her.
But he generally had enough self-
confidence to meet emergencies, and it
would do no harm to try. He had
plenty of time before him; the train
didn't go until 7.35. So he turned and
walked up the grassy path, peering cur-
iously into the old-fashioned piazzas
and about the shaded lawns to catch
the flutter of drapery, or a pretty pro-
file, or a black high-heeled slipper.
He witnessed a game of croquet on a very
lumpy ground, contested with that ac-

tivity which one unfortunately sees on
country croquet grounds alone nowa-
days; and a swimming hammock, with a
reclining form, evidently much at ease,
but none of the first party seemed
amenable to the finer courtesies of life
as he proposed to represent them, and
the foot that occasionally propelled the
hammock by a judicious push against a
neighboring stump was evidently mas-
culine. At the end of the street, there-
fore, he turned back, and, retracing his
steps, climbed the hill, and, penetrating
deep into the coolness of the wood,
threw himself down upon the moss to
enjoy his half-holiday.

Well, what was the use of it all, any-
way? She knew she looked particu-
larly pretty that afternoon; she always
did in dotted muslin and a rough straw
hat with a long feather in it, not to
mention the red roses which she could
get plenty of here in the country. But
if any one would be so kind as to tell
her what was the object of looking par-
ticularly pretty when there was no one
but mother and Aunt Emma to see her?
It was too late to form her mother's
opinion of her looks, and, as for Aunt
Emma, well, she didn't care what Aunt
Emma thought, anyway. It was a per-
fect waste to put on those slippers; she
knew it when she did it, but she always
wore them with those stockings, and
those stockings with that dress. She
was only going to walk down the hill to
the woods, and of course an old pair
would have done just as well, but it
was so hard to realize that there was
positively no chance of there being any
one on the way to whose susceptibil-
ities she might appeal. She stood at
the door with her hammock over one
arm, and her book in her hand. There
was no doubt whatever that Wheatfield
was a very good thing, but one might
very easily get too much of it; she felt
that she was rapidly passing that point,
if she hadn't already passed it. The
gate, weighted with its heavy stone, to
which generations of swinging children
had imparted rather a lopsided look,
swung to after her as she passed out,
and strolled down the little path that
led to the woods, and which wandered
through them to the road across which,
down below, the 3 o'clock train was
rushing after its instant's pause. Un-
der two gigantic trees, whose trunks
were provided with iron hooks, she
swung her hammock, and, with her
white draperies becomingly disposed,
she slipped f-e-t showing a bit of red
at the edge of her dress, her broad hat
on the grass at her side, and her hand
resting on her arm, she opened "White
Wings."

Now, this was just what she really
liked. She so often wished at home
that she could be off somewhere alone
in a hammock with a new novel and
no one to interrupt. There was nothing
she enjoyed so much. She must look
quite picturesque there under the
trees. Justine McCarthy said some-
where something about women when
they were playing the part of audience
always thinking how they looked as
performers. She was not playing the
part of audience now that she knew of
it, unless it was to nature, but she sup-
posed she was rather thinking how she
looked as a performer. It was just the
scene and just the time for a flirtation.
It would be so nice for once not to have
another girl around who would try to
interfere. She didn't want to think she
could anything about men; in fact,
she'd always been very indifferent to
them, but she did rather wish a nice
one would happen along this afternoon.
She couldn't help it; there was nothing
else to do; everything else was an effort
such lazy weather. Men were so easily
entertained, too. All you need to do
is just to look pretty, and smile, and seem
interested in what they say—a great
deal more than Aunt Emma, who al-
ways wanted to know where you got
your clothes, and if it was cheaper to
buy your hats right out, and just what
terms you were on with every man you
knew. Just as if it wasn't bother-
enough to get your clothes without re-
membering every one, and as you never
forgot the same hat right out, and
that it made her how were you going
to know which was the cheaper? And
as for what terms you were on with
the men, why, you just weren't on any
terms with them as far as you knew.

"They came to see you, and you went to
places with them, and sometimes they
sent you flowers, and there weren't any
terms at all. If only somebody very
nice would come to Wheatfield that day
and stroll the woods! If they should
see her white dress through the trees,
they'd of course want to know who she
was. Perhaps it would be an artist,
and he would ask permission to put her
into his picture just as she was. Per-
haps it would be a man world-weary and
a passion-worn, who would think her a
sweet picture of innocence, with the
golden sunlight flecking her hair." She
wasn't sure whether it was flecking her
hair or not, but she fancied it was.
Perhaps it would be some gay society
butterfly, who would meet her on her
own ground of gay flirtation. Of course
she wouldn't speak to any of these
things unless something very strange hap-
pened, but something very strange
probably would. She didn't know why,
but she certainly half expected that
some one would come that afternoon.
It was so very quiet, and so very cool,
and so very stupid, something must
come to wake her up. By way of pre-
liminary the book slipped out of her
hand and she fell asleep.

The 7.35 train only stopped just long
enough on its way to the city for a single
figure in gray to step on the platform
and enter the car. There was no doubt
about it—he had decidedly re-appeared;
it was just the sort of thing for a man
to do once in a while—gave him a good

look-out for the next day. To be sure,
he thought he was going to do it
again, but he didn't know any man
he'd come about asking. A girl would
be a different thing. It would have
been quite perfect out there on that
hillside if there'd been a nice girl there,
but then he couldn't have very well
taken one with him, and you can't ex-
pect to find the right sort of a girl to
spend a summer afternoon with, in a
place of about forty-five inhabitants,
when she doesn't expect you. He
guessed he'd go there again anyway.

The gate swung to again behind a
white figure and a petulant, flushed
face. Late for tea, and so warm be-
sides. If there was anything she did
hate to do, it was to sleep to the day-
time. She didn't care if it was warm
in the city. She didn't see why saying
that over and over again made it any
cooler there. She was so tired of
Wheatfield.

It was six months later, and at an
evening party.

"Charming," said a beautiful girl in
cream-color, with deep red roses at her
waist. "I read it last summer."

"What is that, Miss Gabrielle?"
asked a handsome young fellow, giving
her an air.

"White Wings." Did you read it?
"Yes, I read it one day in Wheatfield
last summer."

"Why, I read it in Wheatfield.
When were you there?"

The last week in June—one Wed-
nesday.

"And why didn't you look us up?
We were there all through June. You
were there that day—the only one I
spent there—and I didn't know it!"
Miss Gabrielle, I feel as if the happi-
ness of a long life couldn't make up for
such a blunder as that."

"It is one of the things, Mr. Conroy,
that happens but once in a lifetime,"
said Miss Gabrielle, solemnly. "Let it
be a lesson to us."

HE DISAPPEARED FOREVER.

A ghastly, piecemeal, that is to
strange contrast to the ruddy flush of
his new necktie, passes swiftly over
George W. Simpson's face as Beril
McCluskey speaks these words, and as
they stand there together, in the dim
half-light of the conservatory, the soft
perfume of the June roses coming
through the open window on the sight-
ing breeze that is kissing the sashwork
whose haggard form is sharply outlined
against the woodwork, he feels in-
sistently that this woman—the only
woman he has ever loved, and to win a
smile from whom he would brave the
horrors of Inferno or go to St. Louis in
July—has been making a toy of his
affection. The thought is a maddening
one, and as it surges through his brain
and starts on the return trip almost
without a pause, the agony is so over-
powering that the strong man feels and
would have fallen had not his pants
been too tight.

"Do you know what you have said,
Beril? You have said that I have been
making a toy of your affection. And what
look you, with a pitiful, pleading, man-
on-third-base-and-two-out expression,
into the beautiful brown eyes that are
apparently to him—but there is no light
of love in those dark orbs; no warm,
responsive, joy—home—me-a-little-
while-when-we-get-home-from-the-con-
cert gleam. Around the drooping mouth
there are hard, tense lines, and on the
white brow, that is fair as the eyelashes
leave scattered over the law of Brier-
ton Villa, there comes no rosy flush—
sweet messenger of love and truthfulness—nothing but the faint, perfumy
odor of homestead bandoline. And as
she does not answer him, but stands de-
fiantly, only the irregular crackling of
her liver-pod telling of the emotion that
Beril feels, he turns away, steps
through the open window upon the
veranda, and an instant later is lost to
view.

"My God!" exclaims the girl, sol-
it as if she had mislaid her shoe.
Outraged on minutes' day, "I have
driven him away!" and lastly push-
ing aside the house-succulents that cluster
around the window, she goes hastily
out into the purple twilight, that hangs
like a mantle over the earth, and calls
to him.

There is a little stir among the lilacs
and syringes, and an instant later
George has clasped her to his sus-
pender.

"And do you love me, after all?" he
asks.

She laughs softly, as if bewildered by
her sudden happiness, and then her
eyes fill with tears as she softly strokes
his face.

"Yes, darling," is the answer, "and
you must come to supper now. We're
to have hot biscuits. I made them my-
self."

"You made them?"

"Yes," she whispers, "made them all
by myself."

"Then," he says, coldly, "you cannot
love me," and starts for the gate. The
girl follows him and cries in a low,
deprecating way for him to come back.
But he does not heed her. On and on
he goes, when suddenly she sees him
throw up his arms, as the drowning
man does when battling with the very
air for existence, and disappear for-
ever.

He had stepped into a post-hole—
Chicago Tribune.

The German capital has a popu-
lation of 1,122,000 souls, which is larger
by 208,000 than the combined popu-
lation of the four next largest cities of
the Empire. These four are Hamburg
with 289,859, Breslau with 272,910,
Munich with 240,000, and Dresden with
220,610.

When you meet me, lift your hat,
There is courtesy in that,
And the fair expression, too,
Of respect that is my due.
He who lamely takes the rim
Of his hat, and bows his head,
With a stare of scorn, at that,
When you meet me, lift your hat.
When you meet me, lift your hat.
How insolent, stolid and flat
Seems "Good morning" from a man.
With a head like his rattle-
snake, who takes a body-blow
In "hello" and "good night,"
When you meet me, lift your hat.

SMALL FEET, OR BIG SHOES.
There was another poor fellow, a
very small man, who had received a
very large pair of shoes, and had not
yet been able to effect any exchange.
One day the sergeant was drilling his
company on the facing—Right face,
Left face. Right about face—and, of
course, watched his men's feet closely
to see that they went through the move-
ments promptly. Noticing one pair of
feet down the line that never budged at
the command, the Sergeant rushed up
to the possessor of them, with drawn
sword, and in menacing tones de-
manded:

"What do you mean by not facing
about when I tell you? I'll have you
put in the guard-house."

"Why, I did, sergeant!" said the
trembling recruit.

"You did not, sir! Didn't I watch
your feet? They never moved an inch."

"Why, you see," said the poor fellow,
"my shoes are so big that they don't
turn when I do. I go though the mo-
tion on the inside of them."—St.
Nicholas.

THE STAR-ROUTE TRIALS.
What the Prosecutors Have Lost
the Government.

Dorsey Writes a Letter to Secre-
tary Martin.

The first star-route trial began one
year ago, says a dispatch from Wash-
ington. It lasted three months and one day.
The second trial began Dec. 3, 1892. From
the date of the beginning of the preparation
the government has been engaged quite a
number of years. Further proceedings, civil and
criminal, already begun, are likely to last
much longer.

The trial just closed, to any nothing of
the before it, which was of remarkable
duration, is said to have been the longest
trial on record. It was also one of the
most expensive. The cost to the govern-
ment and the defendant's has been very
heavy. The trial was held at St. Louis,
numbers at least, has been great. On the
side of the government, beside, at that
time, the full force of the Department of
Justice, and the attorney general, and
head, three special attorneys, and fre-
quently more, with a corps of expert de-
fendants, were engaged. Inspectors and
other servants have been employed. In-
deed, the whole machinery of the govern-
ment has been at the command of the pro-
secution, and frequently in use.

THE SLAIN INNOCENTS.
Frightful Casualty at a Public Hall in
Sunderland, County Durham,
England.

A swarm of Children Packed To-
gether on a Narrow and Per-
ilous Stairway.

The Fall of One of the Number Fol-
lowed by an Indescribable
Panic.

One Hundred and Eighty-six Dead Bodies
Taken Out—Heart-Rendering
Scenes.

(Cable Dispatch from London.)

About 500 children and a number of adults
were crowded into the hall, the evening
of the 1st. An entertainment had been given
at Victoria Hall by a conjurer. There was
an audience of several thousand, consisting
almost wholly of youngsters. After the
performance, and when the body of the hall
had been cleared, about 1,000 children came
rushing down from the gallery. The door
at the top of the first flight of stairs opened
only twenty inches—merely enough to allow
one person to pass at a time. While the
little ones were hurrying out one lost his
footing, fell, and was unable to rise. Those
behind were tipped over him. Then the children
were being smothered and trampled upon;
those in the rear became frenzied, and
pushed forward with the force of a de-
stroyed. The scene was appalling. All efforts
to stay the mad rush were fruitless. Many of
the victims had their clothing torn from
their bodies. The ages of the children
ranged from 4 to 14 years. They lay seven
or eight deep on the stairway. The number
of children estimated at 500. The bodies of
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THE AVALANCHE.

Entered at the Post Office at Grayling, Mich., as second-class matter.

THURSDAY, June 28, 1883.

LOCAL ITEMS.

Come to Grayling on the Fourth. Mr. Ornaby's new dwelling is complete.

Fourth of July goods at the Post Office.

Blight-of-hand show at the opera house to-night.

Several new buildings going up on the south side.

Theatre, and dancing afterwards, at the hall 4th of July night.

The portable photograph gallery has left us. Gone to Charlevoix.

Miss Vera Jones departed last week for Cheaning, on a visit to friends.

Mr. Charles Harder has gone to his old home in Shiawassee county to celebrate.

Mr. T. Cassimer, of Milwaukee, was the guest of his brother here a few days last week.

Mr. Geo. B. Sanderson has been making extensive improvements to his boarding house.

Hartwick's addition to his hotel is nearly enclosed and makes a fine addition to the Exchange corner.

Factory loom to rent or sell, cheap. Inquire at Mrs. Mitchell's millinery store.

H. Holmes, Ludington, Mich., says: When run down by overwork, Brown's Iron Bitters did me great good.

Geo. F. Wells, late of Wisconsin but now residing at Brockway Center, of this State, is visiting his uncle, Dr. G. M. F. Davis.

Thanks to the officers of the State Agricultural College for last catalogue, and a fine lithographic view of the college buildings and farm.

The largest stock of drugs, medicines, chemicals, paints and oils north of Bay City at Traver's drug store.

Mrs. E. Gates, of Owosso, an aunt to Mrs. F. D. Robinson, arrived in the city to-day.

Mr. J. M. Finn returned Monday p. m. from a four or five days visit to his old home in Royal Oak.

Traver's Furniture Rooms are daily receiving additions of stock, making the most complete stock north of Bay City.

Among the fireworks on the night of the Fourth will be "Floral Bomb Shells," extra brilliant, variegated colors.

Six 15-foot and six 30-foot balloons will soar heavenward from Grayling on the night of the Fourth. Do not fail to come and see 'em sail.

Rev. S. Finn, of Royal Oak, Mich., arrived in the city Monday and is visiting his son, J. Maurice Finn.

Mrs. E. Hodges, Kalamazoo, says: "Brown's Iron Bitters has done more to restore me to health and strength than all other medicines."

Do not fail to see the "Silver Cross" exhibition place on the night of the Fourth. Opens with a variegated hexagon of brilliant fire, changing to a Silver Cross, surrounded with jets of stars. Grand!

Mr. Frank Smith, of Beaver Creek, has put in ten acres of potatoes, which are reported doing finely. Mr. S. is at present engaged on a road job, and as soon as completed will begin the erection of a frame residence.

Our neighbors at Gaylord are going to celebrate, but from the prizes offered we conclude they do not anticipate much competition or else that they feel rather impetuous, but one thing is certain—they will have a grand oration.

One of the beautiful pieces of fireworks to be seen on the night of the Fourth is called the "Saxophone." It commences with a double revolving wheel, developing concentric rings of variegated colors.

The committee on arrangements are sparing no pains to make the Fourth of July celebration a grand success. The amusements are various, the prizes liberal, and the pyrotechnic display will be the largest and most varied north of Bay City—they alone will be worth coming a long distance to see.

From information given us by J. M. Finn, we learn that our friend Chas. M. Fay wants the robes of county clerkship of Oakland county right royally, giving the best of satisfaction to one and all. All of which the AVALANCHE predicted before Charley's election.

Among the articles of fireworks on the night of the Fourth not mentioned elsewhere will be Roman Candles, variegated colors; Meteor Candles, Sky Rockets, Revolving Rockets, variegated colors; Radiators, brilliant colors; extra large Triangle Wheels, variegated colors; Mines of Stars and Serpents, assorted; Bengoli Lights, brilliant colors; Hexagon Wheels, variegated colors; Saxon Wheels, from medium to extra large; Red, White and Blue; Blue Lights, Stick Punk, etc.

Hats from 30 cents to \$10 at Mrs. Mitchell's.

Grand ball at the hall on the evening of July 4th.

Theatre at the opera house Wednesday evening—July 4th.

Spanish lace in four colors at Mrs. Mitchell's.

There will be oceans of fun witnessed during the "egg race" on the 4th.

The rapid advancement of our band boys is a source of much gratification.

See large and small posters announcing the Fourth of July celebration in Grayling.

The Rosecommon ball club will play the Grayling club next week—and, probably, win.—Pioneer. Let dat so?

Pink and white tarlatan at the millinery store.

It is expected that some of the best "shootists" in this section of country will participate in the glass ball shoot July 4th.

The grand Indian War Dance on the Fourth, led by the celebrated Indian Chief, Shoo-pen-ne-gons, will be worth coming hundreds of miles to witness.

F. P. Richardson has 16 acres of potatoes, 1 1/2 acres of beans and one acre of corn on his farm in South Branch and Center Plains.—Ward's Rosecommon Pioneer.

Ruching from six to 25 cents per yard at Mrs. Mitchell's.

Quarterly meeting at the school house next Sabbath. Presiding Elder Richards, of Bay City, will be in attendance. All cordially invited to attend.

Grayling no doubt will be flooded with strangers July 4th, and as everybody in this wide land of ours is not like a printer—strictly honest, it may be well to be on your guard against pickpockets, confidence men, etc.

We were shown by Dr. Woodworth last Saturday a stalk of rye taken from the farm of A. J. Rose which measured 5 ft. 4 in. It was grown without the aid of any fertilizer, and was not culled. The Dr. sent it to an "unbeliever."

Everybody should see the "Royal Arch," and in order to do so you will have to come to Grayling the Fourth. It is a fountain of colored stars, forming an arch, below which are displayed revolving jets of silver fire. It is immense!

Since R. W. Ward assumed the publication of the Rosecommon Pioneer the paper presents a neat and tasty appearance, is filled with acceptable reading matter, and makes its appearance regularly instead of semi-occasionally. The citizens of Rosecommon and surrounding country will no doubt appreciate the radical change for the better and give Mr. Ward that liberal patronage which he deserves.

The new water works at Rosecommon are completed and give satisfaction thus far. They will be tested on July 4th. The tank is 16 feet in height and 22 feet in diameter. It is filled by means of a Star windmill, manufactured by Flint, Wallin & Co., of Kendallville, Ind. From the base to the center of the wind wheel is 72 feet. About a mile of pipe has been laid, it having been manufactured by the Michigan pipe company of Bay City. There are 230 feet of 6-inch pipe and the balance is 4-inch. The village has bought 1,000 feet of hose 2 1/2 inches and two hose carts will arrive in a few days, and the work of erecting a fireman's hall is now in the hands of the building committee.

The Art Amateur for July contains pleasing designs of butterflies and apple blossoms for china painting, a charming pond-lily design for embroidery, two pages of jewelry designs, a page of monograms, and a page of capital borders for wood-carving. The work of American painters in the Paris Salon is reviewed, and drawings are given of 15 of the most attractive and important pictures in the exhibition. An admirable and copiously illustrated article on "The Theory and Practice of Pen Drawing" is alone worth the price of the number to the many who are interested in this humble but useful art. Other valuable practical articles are those on art teaching for women in Paris, landscape painting in oil, painting heads on china, wood carving and wood staining. No one interested in art should fail to examine the July issue of this excellent magazine. Price 35c; \$4 per annum. Monaghan, Marks & Publisher, 221 Union Square, New York.

The original Rosecommon Pioneer comes to us this week with the following novel heading: "Our readers will be surprised at the non-appearance of the heading of this newspaper has carried for the past seven years. In explanation we would state that by virtue of a writ of injunction, issued from the circuit court for the county of Rosecommon, wherein Isabel Zahm is complainant, through her solicitor, H. H. Woodruff, we are by the judge of said court, commanded as follows, to-wit: "To desist and absolutely refrain from using the name of the Rosecommon Pioneer as the name of any newspaper published by us in Rosecommon county, etc., until further order of the court. All of which we respectfully obey until the court shall decide to whom the name belongs, or the injunction dissolved." Hold the Fort, Bro. Ward; you have the best wishes of all reputable journalists, and right will triumph over wrong.

How we would miss it! What would we do without it? We grow so accustomed to looking for it that it seems one of the necessities of life. How eagerly we grasp the sheet yet damp with printer's ink and hastily con the headings, glance at the list of marriages and deaths, and carefully fold it and put it away for future perusal. To some it is a medium of happiness; to others of woe and grief.—The business man carefully scrutinizes the leads, the markets and commercial department; the farmer looks at the markets, too, and is anxious to find the prospects for disposing of the products of his farm, and at the agricultural department to ascertain if he can learn any new facts in regard to his avocation; the maiden looks first to the story and the poems, then turns to the fashion and fancy work departments; the school boy and girl turn to "Our Young Folks" and find there entertainment for the evenings and other moments of leisure. In fact, it is a source of pleasure and profit to all. It is fast assuming an importance that cannot be denied, and its value to the community can hardly be over-estimated. And how do we repay the printer for his trouble and pains? Subscribers generally do not realize that what an editor receives from his subscriptions he depends on in a great measure for his living—his bread and butter, the clothes he wears, and the rent of the house in which he lives. Editors usually rent their nice marble fronts to others; they prefer to live in houses not quite so pretentious—they rent cheaper and the editor is less likely to be robbed of his hoarded wealth. But it is wonderful to contemplate the number of delinquent subscribers! Most of them, not intentionally so, but from neglect. My friends, are you among that number? Some editors make it a point to give their subscribers as good a paper as possible. Capital often enables them to produce matter of interest and profit which without said capital the readers would be deprived. How necessary, then, that we should promptly pay the printer. Support your newspaper. Contribute your mite. It may help to relieve a temporary embarrassment, the editor will feel encouraged and that his subscribers are getting the worth of their money, and are willing to show it by paying as they go.

S. C. BIRD.

DISTRICT NO. 5—GRAYLING AND CENTER PLAINS.

June 24, 1883.

EDITOR AVALANCHE:

A larger acreage than usual of clover is being sown this spring, and more hay will be cut this season than ever before. Oats, potatoes, etc., are looking well. Corn has rotted badly in the hill.

The Wesleyans will hold their quarterly meeting at the Parker school house in this district on the 14th and 15th of July. Rev. E. W. Bruce, of Jackson, will be in attendance. Friends from a distance are cordially invited, "the latch-strings will be out."

DEED.—On Sunday, June 17th, 1883, Hermann, infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Jacobs, aged 3 months, 4 days.

BURGLARY.

Sunday night some person or persons entered the saloon building of N. Olson, taking therefrom what change there was in the money till, estimated by Mr. Olson to be about \$10 or \$12. An entrance was effected by removing a 12x18 pane of glass in the rear end of the building. Mr. Olson's suspicions as to who did the deed were fastened on a man who endeavored to borrow 50 cents of him on the evening previous. The fellow was found Monday morning in a sadly "demoralized condition," and with quite an amount of change; and in addition, it is said, putty was to be seen on his clothes, creating the belief that it was got there from crawling through the opening.

A warrant was obtained for his arrest and on Monday evening Sheriff Ham "gathered him in." Justice Bates postponed his examination to Wednesday, owing to the absence from the city of prosecuting attorney Swarthout. The fellow's name is Pat. Burk, and he is a day laborer working most of the time on the railroad.

THE LAST DAY.

Our school closed on Friday last with appropriate exercises at the school house, after which the school repaired to the Grayling House where a very bountiful repast had been prepared, according to previous arrangement, by our host, Mr. Wild, and his amiable lady Mrs. Wild. The tables were elegantly spread and laden with good things, a delight alike to the eye and the palate as all present can testify. After dinner a pleasant hour was spent in the parlors of the house, where Mrs. Wheeler discoursed some excellent music, which greatly increased the pleasure of the occasion.

Thus the long year of faithful school work ended in a genuine frolic, which we doubt not will be a pleasant remembrance to the little people present for many years to come.

We understand Mr. Barrett was under the grateful recipient of several very nice presents by his scholars.

Do not fail to witness the tub race in the afternoon of July 4th.

SWARTHOUT & SMITH,

Real Estate & Ins'nce

AGENCY

Two houses and nine lots on Cedar street; two houses and three lots on Penitentiary avenue; two houses and five lots, and two store lots on Michigan avenue, for sale.

Over 3,000 acres of pine lands and 400 acres of farming lands, improved, for sale.

We represent more Companies than any Agency in Northern Michigan and insure at lower rates.

Agents for Roffe's addition to Grayling.

Money to loan on good security.

Swarthout & Smith.

FOR

JOB PRINTING

Of All Kinds, go to the

AVALANCHE OFFICE

LETTER HEADS, NOTE HEADS, BILL HEADS, BUSINESS CARDS, CALLING CARDS.

Posters, Envelopes, Invitations, Etc.,

Printed with Neatness and Dispatch.

PRICES REASONABLE.

GIVE US A CALL AND BE CONVINCED.

LOOK HERE—READ THIS.

I have on sale the following line of goods:

The Good Value Stationery Package. The finest and most valuable stationery package ever put up. Each package contains 8 sheets fine commercial note paper, 6 sheets fine tinted note paper, 6 sheets fine invitation French note paper, 18 envelopes to match, 1 beautiful portfolio, 1 Buehner's musical chart, 26 embroidery and needle-work designs, hints and helps for the housewife, 1 good American lead pencil, a good penholder and golden pen; and in addition, to each purchaser of one of these packages a large 32 page novel is given free. These packages are left unsold so that they may be examined before purchasing. Price 25 cents. Call and see them.

I also have another stationery package called the "Household Package," which contains 12 sheets tinted note paper, 12 envelopes to match, 2 papers best large eyed English needles, 1 paper of the best quality of pins, 1 hank of superior black thread, 1 package of steel hair pins, and 1 dozen white agate buttons, all for 25 cents. These packages are also open to inspection. These same goods at a store cost 54 cents.

Needle Packages, containing 120 large-eyed English needles. The assortment is as follows: 4 papers, 25 in each; 3 long cotton darners, 2 short cotton darners, 2 extra fine cotton darners, 2 wool darners, 2 yarn darners, 2 steel bodkins, 3 button needles, 2 carpet needles, 1 worsted needle and 1 motto needle. Total retail value, 52 cents; I sell them for 25 cents and give free a beautiful prize. These goods are warranted to give satisfaction.

They have the advantage of large eyes, being easy to thread; are made of silver steel, which will not bend; and have drilled and burnished eyes, therefore will not cut the thread.

Album of Presidents. This is a handsome album containing fine photographic portraits of all the Presidents of the United States from Washington to Arthur, with fac simile autographs of each, also date of birth, inauguration, and death. The portraits are not common prints. Price, 20 cents.

Any one of the above packages or album sent to any address by mail on receipt of price in 1, 2 or 3c stamps.

C. E. STRUNK, AVALANCHE OFFICE, Grayling, Crawford Co., Mich.

Salling, Hanson & Co.

—DEALERS IN—

GROCERIES, PROVISIONS, FEED, HAY,

And all other Goods used by Lumbermen and the Public in general, at WHOLESALE and RETAIL.

DRY GOODS, CLOTHING.

FURNISHING GOODS, HATS AND CAPS, BOOTS AND SHOES, HARDWARE.

STOVES and TINWARE, CROCKERY and GLASSWARE, Doors, Sash, Mouldings, Brick, Lime, AND OTHER

BUILDING MATERIAL.

MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS IN

Lumber, Lath and Shingles.

Bills Cut to Order on Short Notice.

LONG NORWAY TIMBER A SPECIALTY.

THE BEST WAGON ON WHEELS

IS MANUFACTURED BY

FISH BROS. & CO.,

RACINE, WIS.,

WE MAKE EVERY VARIETY OF

FARM, FREIGHT AND SPRING WAGONS,

And by confining ourselves strictly to one class of work; by employing none but the BEST of WORKMEN, using nothing but First-Class Improved Machinery and the Very Best of Selected Timber, and by a Thorough Knowledge of the business, we have justly earned the reputation of making

"The Best wagon on Wheels."

Manufacturers have abolished the warranty, but agents may, on their own responsibility, give the following warranty with each wagon, if so agreed: "We hereby warrant the Fish Bros. Wagon No. — to be well made in every particular and to be of good material, and that the strength of the same is sufficient for all work with fair usage. Should any breakage occur within one year from this date by reason of defective material or workmanship, repairs for the same will be furnished at place of sale, free of charge, or the price of said repairs, as per agent's price list, will be paid in cash by the purchaser producing a sample of the broken or defective parts as evidence."

Knowing we can suit you, we solicit patronage from every section of the United States. Send for Prices and Terms, and for a copy of the Racine Agent's list, to

FISH BROS. & CO., Racine, Wis.